SHEKE

And must I linger here, To stain the plumage of my sinless years, And mourn the hopes to childhood dear, With bitter tears? Aye, must I linger here

went down with thee? rom life's withered bower, a still communion with the past I turn, And muse on thee, the only flower, In Memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale, Bows,like a mourner, on the dim, blue wa' I stray to hear the night-winds wail Around thy grave. Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone

Oh, come, while here I press ly brow upon thy grave; and, in those And thrilling notes of tenderness, Bless, bless thy child?

Yes, bless thy weeping child; And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest shrin Oh, give his spirit, undefiled, To blend with thine.

THE STORY OF LIFE. BY JOHN 6. SAXE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born
A helpless babe to greet the light,
With asharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy moon and night; weep, to sleep, and weep again

And then apace the infant grows To be a laughing, sprightly boy, Happy; despite his little wees, Were he but conscious of his joy! To be, in short, from two to len, A merry, moody child; and then:

And then in coat and trowsers clad To learn to say the Decalogue, And break it, an unti inking lad,

And then, increased in strength and size To be, anon, a youth full grown; A nero in a mother's eyes, A young Apollo in his own; To imitate the ways of men; In fashionable sin, and then?

And then, at last, to be a man.

To fall in love, to woo and wed!

With secthing brain to scheme and plat
To gather gold, or toll for bread;
Fo sue for fame with tounge or pen,
And gain or lose the prize; and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled Eld To mourn the speed of life's accline To praise the scenes of youth beheld, And dwell in memory of Lang Syne To dream a hile with darkened ken, p into the grave, and then

FEMALE MASONS.

" Eastern Star" - Feminitive Branch at Chicago.

It is now about three years since a regular organized branch of Masonry informal organization which included women, but which had nothing definite in the shape of principles or rules. Mr. Morris was and is well known to the fraternity as an able writer, and excellent lecturer and writer upon subjects perfaining to the craft, and his jects perfaining to the craft, and his lecture formular societies of there.

of angry gleams, and through his particular their black-tipped wings in the creaming curl of the waves, and then rising in sudden flight with familiar outspread feathers, or sinking again slowly as the arrest their black-tipped wings in the creaming curl of the waves, and then rising in sudden flight with familiar outspread feathers, or sinking again slowly as the arrest their pinions.

But John is not frowning. He smiles at himself. He thinks that he has wronged Fanny by his half-formed fears. "Dear little creature! how good."

which has an appropriate name. No ladies can be admitted who are not, or have not been,, immediately related to a master Mason, either as wife, mother, daughter or sister. The order con-sists of five degrees, all of which are taken at one time, and it has a complete code of grips, signs, passwords,

The Chicago division of the order of the Eastern Star is known as Miriam Chapter, No. 1, and was organized about one year ago. The rule of the order make it optional with the members to hold the yearly installation of officers in public or not, and the ladies second annual installation in their lodge. A large number of friends of the members were present on last eve-ning, at Blaney Lodge Hall, the apartment used by this chapter. The exercises were found to resemble somewhat the ceremonies that are attendant upon public installations in lodges of Master Masons. The programme consisted of singing and an introductory prayer, after which the officers elect, a portion of whom were gentlemen, were separately inducted in their offices. After this the principal address of the evening was given, O. H. Horton, Esq., being the orator. He was followed by Dr. McWifliams, M. J. Bailey and others, all of whom made brief and appropriate remarks. The formal cer nonies closed with an ode, sung by all the members, the remainder of the

evening being taken up with social converse. All of the ladies were adorned with certain mysterious and tastefully arranged regalia, the officials being denoted by trappings of a more elaborate

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Worthy Patron, Dr. S. A. McWilliams; Worthy Matron, Mrs. Joseph Butler; Associate Matron, Mrs. C. T. Wilt; Treasurer, Mrs. A. B. Hight; Secretary, Mrs. Joseph Gallagher; Warden, Mrs. Charles Magee; Sentinel, Adah-Mrs. Robert Tarrent.

Ruth-Mrs. C. J. Hall. Esther-N. M. Bassett. Martha - Miss Mary Peters Elects-Mrs. M. A. J. Ogden. The last five officers named especially are peculiar to this order, and are

known as the five points of the Eastern

The Wives of Brilliant Men.

marrying unintellectual wives. Madame de Talleyrand was no exception to the rule. She was very pretty, but by no means clever. A certain Sir ing together among the rocks with the by no means clever. A certain Sir by no means clever. A certain Sir George Robinson, who had traveled in the East, being invited to dine at the Minister's house, Talleyrand said to his wife: "I will leave a book for you, my dear, on my study table; please to read it, then you will be able to talk Talleyrand forgot to leave out the interded book; but his wife, anxious for comply with his instructions, hunted about the study, and, finding "Robingon Crusco" at the control of the con on Crusoe," at once jumped at the conclusion that the author was their age. expected guest. The French usually

man can have meat for his labor."

He answers, almost solemnly: "Am I threatening, darling? Then I don't mean it. I mean warning, not threatening. You see, I haven't got so many words to fit my meanings to, as such a clever little lass as you, Fanny. All I mean is, I want to put it clear to you that when you're, maybe, meaning no that when you're, maybe, meaning no playing with feelings a man.

The Nations that Eat Most, The Nations that Eat Most. Dr. Beard, in Hours at Home, says: The raling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the destinics of humanity, have always, so far as can be ascertained, been liberal they're themselves?"

Wood, "Fanny," he says, in a choked voice, of set purpose, do you, Fanny, when they're themselves?"

"I brought you here to tell you what they're themselves?" The raling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the

eeders. Among modern nations the Germans and the Americans—the rul-gives a little forced laugh. gives a little forced laugh.

"I must say. John, you've got strange notably less substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original.

gives a little forced laugh.

"I must say. John, you've got strange notions of pleasant talk; first, you scold me till I cry, and then you speak about murder. Now I must go home, and if you can't trust me to go by the The Americans are, on the average, beach, I'll take the long way over the greatest eaters in the world. Said cliffs. Are you satisfied now, sir?"

Carlyle to Emerson: "The best thing Satisfied! John is radiant at such how deep it lies hidden away. I know of that country is, that in it a unexpected sweet submission, for the "Be quiet!" he says savagely, and

AT CLUMBER 180 YOUR PORT CORPORAL CORPORAC CORPORAL CORPORAC CORPORAL CORPORATION CORPORAL CORPORATION CORPORATION CORPORATION CORPORATION CORPORAC

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1870.

VOL. XV.--NO 26.

Miscellany.

A LOVER'S QUARREL [From Temple Bar.]

PART I. "And I say it isn't—" "Fanny!"—a pause after the word as if the speaker tried to get rid of

lump in his throat-"you're playing the fool; you've no more notion how love you than you have of the height you're standing at above the sea. I tell you, I'd rather see you lying down there, washed up by the tide, than know that you want to go back again to the beach of your own will, and be looked at by that lath-and-plaster fellow of a

And yet, while the fierce words pas the young fisherman's lips, he takes a firm grasp of his companion's arm, lest some sudden movement should draw her nearer the giddy edge.

The sun had began to set when these

two, John Fry and Fanny Haywood, began to quarrel, and now he has just sunk into the purple bed of clouds risen up from the sea to receive him. There has been a scene of magnificence and fast-changing color; crimson, and pur-ple, and gold-now by turns, now all at once-have held their places on the tender ground of chrysolite-green, fast fading into gray; though its final hue lingers among the rock-pools below the cliffs, mingled with rosy gleams that reflect themselves from scattered cloudlines. The ragged, perpendicular cliff, rises some four hundred feet above the sea, and about a third way down its steep side runs the path or ledge on which the lovers stand. They care nothing for the sunset, nor for the exhigh hills-on one side wooded to the base, on the other a precipice of rock | self in this one idea, of her own beauty, rich in brown and purple shadows-every here and there in its depths revealing a glimpse of the white foaming river, that comes struggling and tumbling over gray stones to the sea; while further still on the right stretches a range of lofty cliffs, the hues of which mock the power of words to render, as successfully as they elude the painter's resources to depict-crimson, purple,

violet of richest tones everywhere relieved by tufts of bright golden blos-soms, and the fresh green of ladyfern that fringes the jagged edges. John and Fanny have disputed before this evening, but only for a few sentences; and then a kiss from him, or a tear in her sweet eyes, has brought the matter to a standstill. But this set, something of the bull-terrier breed. John looks absolutely threatening. He and delight that she hardly knows what is a strong, well-built young fellow, with a true South of England face-a face that is saturated with sunshine, for the benefit of women has been or- that puts one in mind, all at once, of ganized. At the time indicated, Rob- ripe August cornfields; and, taken in ert Morris, Esq., of Kentucky, pre-pared a series of lectures and devised a beard, of October nuts and squirrels. ritual that should embrace certain But the deep black eyes, that match so points of the Masonic rites to which la-dies might be eligible. Previous to of their usual expression; they are full this there had been the "Families," an of angry gleams, and through his part-

excellent lecturer and writer upon subjects pertaining to the craft, and his propositions forming societies of the nature in question was very favorably received, and is now being adopted in several cities.

It is a puzzle that she has been able (living so near the sea) to keep her skin so white and delicate-looking. Her hair nearly matches her lover's, but her eyes are not so deep in color; there her eyes are not so deep in color; there The order is denominated the "East-ern Star" branch of Masonry, and is subdivided into chapters, each of shines out with almost a golden glitter. as John takes hold of her arm. She thinks he means to make her prisoner. "Let me go, will you? I'm not your

wife yet, John, and I don't know that I ever will be." He draws his hand away.

"Come, come, Fanny, you're talking nonsense now. I was a minute ago, maybe. Why should you and me quarrocky ledge as easily as if it were six rel about a thing which can't happen, if you'll only let yourself be guided-" The girl's eyes filled with sudden,

angry tears. "I'm not quarreling; I only say you don't put any trust in me. (she tosses her head scornfully) of Miriam Chapter concluded to keep if Lebonse to go home by the beach, "open house" on the occasion of the and Mr. Russel and Captain Standish are there, and they say a civil word to me—what am I the worse for it I'd like to know? I suppose you'd like me to wear a mask next, with just two holes to see out of. Everything that is pretty is looked at, you know it is, and why not girls as well as anything else ! I say again, yours isn't what I call hav-

ing trust in me-that it isn't." The golden light is quenched in the tears, that fairly run over. Fanny's eyes now are almost as dark as her lover's, and tenderness seems to be swimming in them. If John could only have held out against them for two minutes, he might have made his own terms with the pretty, wayward, spoiled

his arms, straining her to his heart, kissing off her tears, and calling himself a "rough, jealous fool" for having brought them there. "No, John, you're not a fool, but you

you go on like this when we're married, you'll break my heart, John,' see, men and women have different natures. You can fly in a passion and get out of it, all in no time, and be as sweet and smiling as if nothing had happened; but that is not the way with us-anyhow, it's not with such a sulky chap as me. Once I'm put up I get out of bounds, and as to seeing you laughing and talking with that young fool of a Captain-why, if I was to catch you at it, I don't know what I

might be tempted to-" You're threatening now, John," Fanny pouts, and draws herself away

There is an uneasy look on her lov-

she went by the beach, where, as John knew, Captain Standish and his friend are pacing up and down in front of the

"You little duck!" he says, and John offers up a good deal of atonement in word and act, which Fanny receives with many smiles and blushes, and at last he lets her go.

"Why not go by the lane?" he asks. Fanny nods. "I was just thinking o," she says, and she looks back over her shoulder and smiles like an angel, But the smile fades out of her face

more quickly than the rose-color from

nearer the ground, rarer more minute for something better than a fisherman's kinds nestle like green tassels in the chinks of loose-piled masses of stone has no manners for his betters. Let hidden by long satin strips of hart's me go."

the three ways meet. She is thinking be so masterful if he did!" And then for a good intention repented of seldom gets a second hearing), Fanny tells herself she is an idiot. "A nice slave I shall be when I'm married, if I'm nothing for the sunset, nor for the exquisite scene below them. On the right the tiny village nestling in the gorge of out of sight?" and she hardens herand the amount of admiration due to it. She stands still, looking wistfully down the steep lane to the beach. A sound of voices comes up to her, hearty laugh, and then some words which bring a blush to her cheeks—a blush of pleasure; her lips part, and her head is thrown back saucily as two

gentlemen come in sight sauntering up "By Jove! this is lucky." Captain Standish takes his cigar out of his mouth, and says, "Good even-He is a tall, fair youth, with pale hair and eyes. There is a washed-out look about him. Mr. Russell has a more manly aspect; he is short and thick-Fanny is in such a flutter of vanity is said to her or what she answers. She ing and laughing while the Captain talks.

PART II. John stands listening too-just where Fanny left him-listening, and yet not hearing the querulous scream of the sea gulls at the foot of the cliff, dipping their black-tipped wings in the cream-ing curl of the waves, and then rising

plague honest men!" John Fry came back yesterday from

Bideford: he has an uncle there, a fisherman, who has offered him a half share of his boat and his business for very moderate compensation.
"John!—John Fry, I say! Hollo!

feet wide. He stops short when he sees John sets his legs wide apart, and both hands go down to the bottom of his pockets.

"Well, Davie?" "Look alive!" says Davie, with red face, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Yer wanted below; the Bideford boat is off the rocks, and

there's one a-wanting yo.' "Wanting of me? John pulls off his wideawake, doubles it up, and then flattens it out with his strong brown hand; finally, this proceeding having failed to solve his per-plexity, moves on to where Davie's

thumb is pointing.
"There'll be a bit of a gale to-night afore the boat reaches Minehead," says Davie; and then he stands still and lights his pipe, while John Fry hurries

down to the beach. Unless he had scrambled down the face of the crag—a bold feat for even so fearless a climber—he must follow the path Fanny has taken, but he is not phenomenon worthy of exhibition, and John was not a phenomenon.

thinking about Fanny as he hurries along. His uncle at Bideford was an old man; he had already had one seizure, and this might be another. John had few friends or relations, but those

he had he loved with the intensity of a pockets while folks is wanting help.' deep, strong nature, and his heart was had left him so well and hearty, and so the two figures in the vague indistinct are jealous, you know you are; and if full of warm sympaty with his nephew's So that when John, in his headlong

omes out of those pouting coral lips.
"I'll never be jealous unless you give or, rather, the pair, for Mr. Russell has me cause, Fanny," he says, his honest face growing grave again. "But, you young fisherman is so bewildered that for an instant he stands in silent won-

For an instant only. It is quite dark in the narrow lane between those high fern-crowned hedges. Before one can note the changes that have come into the two faces, so near to each other— for Captain Standish's whiskers touch Fanny's cheek as he whispers-John's hand is on the Captain's shoulder, and the Captain stumbles backward into

"Keep your distance, will you?"
John says fiercely; "that young woman is not free to listen to your fool-

Vehement action has calmed down

miles round for Fanny, and when they began to quarrel she had said nothing should induce her to go home unless could love me well enough to be my "Fanny, when I asked you if you could love me well enough to be my wife I thought of you as a man thinks. of a true woman. I thought I wasn't worthy of your love, even though I cliff, and the hungry waves, ebbing gave you my heart and soul in ex- back, have carried him along with them worthy of your love, even though I change. I gave 'em you, Fanny; you have been first and foremost in every thought I've had since then. I'm not making merit of so doing+I don't know as I can take them back. God knows how I love you still, but I'll not take a wife who's not content with the love

I've got to give her, who'll not keep herself for me alone. I'll not put my-self in the danger of marrying where I more quickly than the rose-color from those long ribbon-like cloud lines. By the had not seen the shame and the sorthetime she reaches the end of the rock. words had stung her into sudden fire.
"Nobody asks you to." Her voice The path ends its shelf-like course has the taunting ring in it he is least long the cliff, and slopes down to the able to bear. "I'm not likely to ask left in a steep descent to the road leading to the beach; on the right it mounts of all one whom I've made a great misas steeply to the upper part of the village. A lane with high hedges fringed with plumy fronds of ladyfern, and way, and now I'm sure of it. I'm fit out as if to stop her head. Just before her, black tands with plumy fronds of ladyfern, and away, and now I'm sure of it. I'm fit out as if to stop her and she lowers her

She pushes him, and at the same mo Fanny stands frowning still where ment Davie lounges up. "Did you hear a signal?" he says. "I'm thinkin' it came from beyone "I don't believe he thinks half Hedden's mouth. Come on and tell ennough about me—he wouldn't dare the Lieutenant. Why, man, where be so masterful if he did!" And then ye going off in the dark alone; 'ull help noane; wait and gie me a help wi' the life-boat." John only shook off the grasp his

friend had laid on his coat, and hurried off into the darkness. "We'll, I'm blowed!" says Davie there'll be summut more than common amiss wi' a steady chap like that 'un afore he'd run a mucker along the cliff-edge in the dark." And Davie hurries back to tell the Lieutenant of the signal he fancied he has heard.

PART III. That night no one but the children vent to bed in the little fishing village At about ten o'clock Davie had spread the alarm of a ship off Hedden's Mouth, and the danger was too well known not to rouse a stirring sympathy in all who heard the tidings. tenant Roberts and his men had soon put off in the life-boat, and more than ne of the fishing-boats had followed though the sea was now so wild that some of the older men shook their heads and muttered that "It were a clean temptin' of Providence." Even in the upper village stray rumors of

waking. has quite forgotten her intention of going straight home, and stands listening and laughing while the Captain and almost childish; his chief ideas being the correctness and spotless condition of his clothing and the beauty and irresistible charms of his daughter Fanny. He saw no use whatever in sitting up burning candle just because a ship had been so stupid as to get on the rocks, and he told his daughter she would do wisely if she went to bed too. Fanny gave him a careless answer; but when he had fairly gone up stairs she placed hefself at the window and looked out, in hopes of hearing news

lone stillness it made her heart heav The night was very dark. Fanny

put her head out of the lattice as she heard a fer-off sound, and the wind swirling round the house in a wild gust blew her hair into her eyes. The sound came nearer, heavy and lumbering, not like a mere footstep.
"Who's there?" she calls, as it comes nearer; there is a strong sudden horror in her, though she could not have found a name for it.

"It's me-Davie. I be in a barrow from the rocks down yonder." 'He's fallen and smashed his ankle," said a deep voice, which Fanny recognizes as that of the second in command of the coastguard station 'I had to come back, so I've brought

him along." "Is the ship safe?" says Fanny."
"Well, yes," (the man speaks sulkily;) "she cried out before she was hurt. There's one of the boats stove in that came out after the life-boat." Fanny's heart gave a sudden bound. "Is any one hurt besides Davie" she says, in a faint, scared voice.
"Well, yes; and I must go on, Miss,

now. I'm come in to fetch the doctor out to Joe Porter and another poor fellow-" "Is John Fry down helping with you?" she says.

Davie strikes in; the gasping tone Fanny's words had roused him. "I'm not easy in mind," he says
"John Fry left me all in a hurry to go

off to the rocks, and there's no one seen or heard on him since. John's not the lad to stan' by with his hands in his Before his words are spoken Fanny full of auxious fear for his uncle; he is out of the cottage door. She can see light-a light that seems fraught in her haste, that strange mechanical quality we call "habit" makes Fanny take down a shawl which hangs in the passage, and wrap it round her head and shoulders as she runs into the road. She puts out her hand till it touches the

coast-guard's arm. "Mr. Evane, tell any one you see to send help to the foot of the cliffs; and tell Lieutenant Roberts I'm gone there to look for John Fry."
"Gone alone—God help her!" But as he speaks there is nothing but the vague indistinct glimmer round Evans and his charge Fanny has sped on far out of sight, down the steep fernbanked lane, lighter than it had been in the upper village, for the sea is be

fore her. She guesses that the fishermen are not gone to bed, and she knocks loudly at the first door she comes to. An old man opens it, very old and feeble, with a face honeycombed with wrinkles. He has a lantern in his hand, and he holds it up to examine

"Let me have it, Father Pugslay."

the though this beart is so due bound to be that the court in the willing of the three of the bound to be three of the bound to be three of the bound to be the three of the bound to be the three of the bound to be three of th

dy height, with the moaning, gulping sound of the hushing waves below, shakes Fanny from head to foot. What if she cannot find him? What if he has fallen to the bottom of the Her fingers grew unnerved and trembling—she cannot relight the lantern. Even if she finds him he will not be alive. He may be an undistinguisha ble mass of broken bones and too dreadful to think of. Flame at last, and with it the girl's courage rekindles. She trembles still, but she draws her shawl more closely round her and goes forward, not so fast but more steadily.

There is a heart, after all, in her vain little body-a heart that almost, for the first time in her life, is speaking to her more of another than to herself— and the longing to help and comfort John for his own sake is overmastering any selfish dread.

She stops and holds the lantern high above her head. Just before her, black out as if to stop her way. A sudden chill at her heart and she lowers her lantern to the path's edge. Fanny could never remember why she did this—it was a strong impelling instinct. looks, and then she shrinks back, sick and white, against the rock wall beside her. If John yet lives, he is lying below where she stands. The path is broken away, and there are sighs that large bits of rock have been freshly loosened from its edge and hurled down

And as the reality forces itself upon Fanny that she must descend that fearful precipice alone in the darkness, face to face with the moaning, wailing sea —a moaning and wailing which echoes heavily and hopelessly every thought of terror—Fanny's courage flies in one long shuddering sigh, and she sinks on

her knees sobbin The attitude, or a power beyond her, orings prayer to her lips: "Oh, my brings prayer to her lips: "Oh, my father!—save him—hefp me!" The words seem to nerveher—perhaps they remind her she is not so belpless. She lies down on her face, and drags herself to the edge. John! - John Fry! John, darling! do you hear me?"

The wind is lulling fast, and her voice sounds clear through the night air. No answer comes; the silence seems more awful, and the moan of the waves more awfully true in their foresperately, she raises herself, and

sends her voice out in one loud piere-Then she strains her ear to listen Far off-seemingly as far as the bay Fanny Heywood lived alone with an answer comes, but in a sound of many voices; and then nearer, almost close, so it seems by contrast, a feeble

whistle. All her fears are gone; she only chides at her own delay. Still holding the lantern in one hand, she feels her way cautiously, foot by foot, down the cliff, till she finds at last a standing place. She knows where she is now; the crag puts out here into a huge jagged rock, with a bush or two on it, and then goes sheer down to the sea.

Again, close beside her, the whistle sounds lounder than before. She calls, but no answer comes; and then she holds the lantern so that Its light falls below her. Close to her so close that her next downward footstep would have been set on his face—John Fry is lying with shut eyes. He has been caught, seemingly, between the bushes growing on the edge, for only his head and chest are

Fanny kneels down; she touches his face timidiy with her hand, and then draws it back, shuddering. "John!—John, darling! Open your eyes! Speak to me!" He lies there as stil as the gray rock,

almost as cold. She forgets the danger of falling; she twines her arms round him; she murmers to him, and presses warm kisses on his face. "Oh, John, my darling !-my dar-

ling! Look at me just once; let me hear you say once you forgive my wick-She might as well cry to the rock itself; and yet, as she presses her lips on his, it seems as if some warmth lingered in them.

Suddenly she raised her head, and cries out loud for help. A strange sound has reached her. She listens breathlessly. Yes, they are coming. Overhead she hears voices, and, from the sea, the strong regular pull of oars.

John Fry was taken home alive, but there came weeks of anxious watching before he was able to walk once more beside Fanny Heywood, to the scene of his fearful fall-and then he walked

with crutches.

Fanny smiles brightly on her lover's face. She is trying tocheer the sadness that, spite of his efforts, clouds the strong man's eyes at times, for it is very hard to John Fry to realize that he is crippled for life; but under the girl's smiles, is a tender, subdued look new to her face. It may be that the bitter tears she has shed during h r long, patient nursing, have left their trace—tears, not only of sorrow for her lover's sufferings, but of contrition for the part she had acted toward him. "Fanny!" (John had stood in si-

ence for some minutes beside the broken pathway) "I don't think you and I will quarrel again; will we, dar-He looks at her, smiling, with his deep, loving eyes, and she tries to answer brightly; but the recollection of that foolish quarrel and its ending masters her, and tears come instead of

"Hush!" he whispers softly; "you'l spoil your sweet eyes, my darling, and they're my eyes now—at least they will be after Thursday." Fanny hides the eyes on his shouller. "Don't ask me to promise, dar-ing," she whispers. "While you've een so ill I've learned more about myself than I ever thought to know. I wonder how you find anything to love

in a girl who can put no trust in her-There is no need to tell John's an-Sundry Facts.

The number of languages spoken is 3,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One

Wonderful Beliverances of Great Men.

Some years ago a young man holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterwards, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming: "I must be reserved for something great!" and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion Two brothers were on one oceas

walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other was spared; else would the name of the great reformer, Mar-tin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

The boly St. Augustine, having to breach at a distant town, took with nim a guide, who by some unaccounta-ole means mistook the usual road and fell into a by-path. He afterwards discovered that his enemies, having heard of his movements, had placed themselves in the proper road with a design of murdering him.

Baron, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman just entered and observed the top of his head, and im-mediately delivered him.

fant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaping with him through a garret window and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost consternanewly-found protector. All were una-vailing; his would-be rescuer had lost all courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insattable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrunamed Johnson was the sole instru-

At the siege of Liecester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, where the disease is prevailing, no time was drawn out for sentry duty. One should be lost in consulting a physiof his comrades was anxious to take cian, for, if taken in its early drawn became the author of the grim's Progress.

Doddridge when born was so weakly an infant that he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from be-lng extinguished and an eminent auto the world.

John Wesley when a child was only the house where he had been fell in. three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water of St. Helena; one of them was succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley,

history of a marvelous deliverance. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friend on board a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friend he late; the boat in which sally with cold water. All the skin his friend had gone was capsized and wants is leave to act freely, and it will all the occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, so that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to Brush them with a soft brush, especialuspect a ship, which blew up before ne reached her. Had he left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have it is needful to let tobacco alone. perished with the rest on board .-

Fireside Favorite. Josh Billings Discourseth.

Dear Girls, are yu in search ov a hus band? This iz a pumper, and yu are not re-

quired tew say "Yes" out loud, but are and soul.

expekted tew throw yure eyes down onto the earth, as the yu was looking sleepy look for a pin, and reply tew the interroga-tory with a kind of drawlin sigh, az tho yu waz eating an oyster, juice and all, off from the half shell. Not tew press a tender theme until it bekums a thorn in the flesh, we will presume (tew avoid argument) that yu are on the look out for sumthing in the male line tuw boost yu in the up-bill and tells us the result. And if we list the property of the look out for sumthing in the preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells us the result. And if we list

sences-often duz the best on sile that won't raize ennything else. Don't forget that thoze things which yu admire in a phellow before marriage, yu will probably hav tew admire in a husband after, and a mustash will get tew be very weak diet after a long time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial

don't seem tew be enny law for this. Therefore, girls, yu will see that after yu get a man, yu hav got tew keep him, even if yu looz on him. Consequently, if yu hav got enny kold vittles in the hous, try him on them, once in a while, during scouring season and is az irish cooks are, two thirds ov them he swallows them well, and sez he will to his countrymen as the late Chief take sum more, he iz a man who, Baron of the Exchequer, has long been when blue Monday cums, will wash

5. If a young man kan beat yo play

or the reason there iz more ov them. I don't think yu will foller mi adif i give it; and, therefore, i will it, for i look upon advise as i do But i must say one thing, girl spile. If yu can find a bright-e healthy, and well ballasted boy, down on the curb-stun, in front ov the 5th avenue hotel, and eat a ham sand- is a question in which London medical wich, than tew go inside, and run in who iz armed with that kind ov pluck, mi advise is tew take him boddy and oul-snare him at unst, for he is a

Take him, I say, and bild onto him

Dr. Wm. H. Beatty, a resident Mobile, writes the following to the Mobile Register, in relation to that dreadful disease, termed Meningitis, now

stray trout, of a breed very skase in our

prevailing to an alarming extent in that city: "The disease (Cerebro Spinal Menin gitis) is prevailing so extensively in portions of the city, and is so almost universally fatal when not treated until it is fully formed, that I have thought I might do good by calling attention, through the press, to the promonitory symptoms. Unfortunately, in a great many cases, these are entirely absent—the patient being in his usual health and spirits up to the very moment of his seizure, but very generally ment of his seizure, but very generally the attack is preceded by more or less pain of the head, especially in the forehead and back of the head. The pain is usually constant, but sometimes the back of the neck, with soreness there is giddiness, with dimness of visally the attack commences with a feelng of chilliness, succeeded by slight chilliness frequently occurring. Or,

fever; these alterations of heat and finally, the attack may commence with severe pain in the stomach or bowels, with great nausea and perhaps vomiting. When any of these symptoms show themselves in a locality his place. No objection was made, and the man went. He was shot dead ment; whereas, if left to fully develop while on guard. The young man first itself, there is no disease which is more uniformly fatal, resisting, most frequently, every plan of treatment.

Very respectfully, W. H. BEATTY, M. D. llow to be llandsome

lng extinguished and an eminent au-thor and consistent Christian preserved Nobody denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks, just preserved from fire. Almost the even before a word has been spoken. moment he was rescued, the roof of And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good Many years have now elapsed since looks-paints and washes, and all kinds Now, not every one can have good features. They are as God made them;

but almost any one can look well, es-

ly at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course, to have white teeth, Any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may who have been wont to hover about the Stock Exchange. namel or injure it.

Brick Pomeroy is ready to bet one
Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No bundred thousand dollars' worth of enamel or injure it. one can have a clean skin who breaths bad air. But more than all, in order to look well-wake up the mind

When the mind is awake, the dull sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read-not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people

ov life, and tew keep his eyes on the brithing when yu begin tew go down mind and soul are worked. If the the other side ov the mountain. Let spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better. We have seen a plain face vice how tew spot yure fewter busband: 1. The man who iz jellous ov every little attenshun which yu git from sum other fellow, yu will find, after yu are married tew him, luvs himself more than he duz yu, and what yu mistook must feel so mean while reading it. for solissitude, yu will diskover, has changed into indifference. Jellousy isn't a heart disease; it is a liver komplaint.

But men can afford what they really choose. If all the money spent in self-indulgence, in hurtful indulgence, were spent in books and self-improvement, 2. A mustash is not indispensable; we could see a change. Men would it is only a little more hair, and iz a grow handsome, and women, too. good deal like moss and other excreseyes. We were not meant to be mere

The Elixir of Youth.

account of it is as follows:
"Sir Frederick Pollock, best known remarkable for great mental and physical energy. He is now eighty-six 4. Don't marry a pheller who is always and to the great wonder and joy of his friends his strength scarcely in any way fails him. Still iz to wean a yung one.

York, Maine, was the first city chartered in this country. Now it is a country village of 800 voters. Its

i get. It iz mutch easier tew inform Never in any case is so much of yu who not tew marry, than who tew, vapor absorbed as to disturb conscious-for the reason there iz more ov them. ness or to cloud the intellect. Nor is sleep in any way at all compelled, although by the removal of nervous ritability it is favored.

"Sir Frederick Pollock is serve, able to sleep for as many as eleven hours out of the twenty-four—but this includes a regular mid-day siesta. Whether the remedy which he esta. Whether the remedy which he to sit still a while listening to nas found so happy in its effects on himself will suit others who may suffer from the irritability of advancing years men are just now much interested."

SEVERIES

Something stunning-A slung-shot

Girls say that men are a covet-us Safe place for a tempest—In a tea

High tied-A man swinging at the Cordial reception -One given from

wine glass. Not a good sheet to si sheet of water. Heavy larcenies-Stealing The fellow who split the difference is

The world is round-So are lively young men at night. Underground business-Getting a the root of the thing.

The person who took things

ruiet sort of thief. The most common end with a shoemaker-His waxed end. A southern paper suggests clean nap-kins to saloon keepers in this way: "Napkins can't be made to ru:: a week without getting wearied,"

Some of the Bostonians say they are usually gratified at receiving speci-mens of New Hampshire granite, but they would prefer not to have them packed in butter. Said an astronomer to a bright-eyed girl, when talking of rainbows: ou ever see a bmar bow miss?"

have seen beaux by by moonlight, sir, if that's what you mean," was the shy Of the coming Fat Men's Convention at Lewiston, the Waterville (Me.)

Mail says: "If the convention will weigh their brains against their belmarked to his wife,

At the celebration of the Lord's Su per in Bradford, Mass, last Sabbath, by Rev. Mr. Kingsbury's church, the silver goblets used by the church in 1730, one hundred and forty years ago,

were made use of.

Rev. Matthew Hale Smith was settled as a pastor over a Methodist church at Brattleboro, Vermout, when he was eighteen years old, and since that time has been a Reformed Dutch, Baptist, and Episcopalian. The Boston Transcript and Traveller

newspapers have employed female compositors since the famous strike of 1864. They receive men's wages, work full hours, and average \$18 per week earnings.

have much to say, except that I had better be going." He went. The present winter, like the last one, has thus far belied all the cold weather prophesies of goose-bone, beaver, musk-rat, bird-flights, and other examiners. The frigid predictions that circulated so freely a month ago are seen no more. The stock brokers of New York have in their employ a corps of detectives to protect them from members of the swell mob, sneak-thieves, pickpockets

printing material and machinery, paid for and in operatiou, against ten thou-sand dollars in cash, that he will not fail or suspend the publication of any

one of his four newspapers in 1870. At a marriage lately consummated at Ottawa, Canada, \$2,000 were donated to the poor.

A little girl six years old was found drunk in the streets of Paterson, N J., drunk in the streets of Paterson, N. J., the other night.

Railroads in South Carolina have reduced their fare to immigrants to one court a mile.

St. Petersburg has 10,800 cab drivers There are only two bachelors in the New York Legislature. An English gentleman in Devon shire has conceived the idea of stockbegun to introduce the reptiles, to the great indignation and terror of his neighbors, who have resolved to try

the American remedy of an injunction A gentleman in Petersburg, Va., the ther day, for a wager, ate one gallon of fresh oysters, minus the shells and liquor, at one sitting. An old lady at Windsor, England, was saved from burning to death by her

pet parrot, who, seeing her in flames, called out to her sleeping son, "Harry, get up!" The Philadelphia Mercautile Library now contains over 50,000 volumes.

Last year 4,254 were added to it. The

WRITING ON SAND

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON. Carrie and Frank were sp appy day by the seaside. one on the crested waves, was just breeze enough to ten heat. They rambled along the distening beach, gathering protty bles and shells till they had filled t little Indian baskets weven of bri colored porcupine quills—scarlet, green, yellow and blue. Then after dianer they played in the clean, sparkling sand, building forts and castles, and writing with their fingers. They were

ming in, and auntie and I are go farther up to sit and watch it. You may come now or play longer where you are, but keep near us." Frank and Carrie by this time were sit still a while, listening to the sound of the waves as they rolled a little farther up the shore every time, till they had quite washed away the

children's letters. "Yes," said their mother, when they called her attention to it, "and there are other things like that. Good resolutions, generous impulses are too often written on sand, swept away by the next wave of selfish pleasure or the next wave of selfish pleasure or care. Those that are fixed in right deeds and gentle words are wrought into the soul's life, and remain for ever like characters graven in the solic rock. But some things we had far better write in sand if we write them at all. Can either of you tell me wha

hev are? I guess you mean troubles," Fran "Yes, in part. Our troubles co to make us better and stronger, and we can so use them if we will. And the little vexations and disappointments that cross our way we can mee cheerfully and soon put aside if we are living with an earnest purpose, a real desire to make others happy. But what were you telling me a day or two

ago, Carrie, about some of your school

"Oh, I remember! I said I should love Kitty Clyde dearly if she did not have such teasing ways; and Anna Clark is always kind and generous, too, but she gets provoked so easily."

"That's just like Fred Pierson,"
chimed in Frank. "I should like him Their mother smiled, "Do you see Their mother smiled, "Do you see first rate if it wasn't for that." what I mean now?" she said. admit that, aside from these faults, they are pleasant, lovable companions. These are the things to write on sand to be overswept by waves of forgetful-ness. Don't let them excite unkind

feelings in your hearts, but help your friends by kindness and love to grow better every day; never forget that you have faults, and give to others the same forbearance you would like to receive. At tea-time the children bear to tell their father about their pleasant to tell their father about their pleasant

"That reminds me of Mrs. Nor poem, 'Writing on Sand.' Do you re "Yes, very well," she replied; "I thought of it to-day."
"What is it, father?" asked Carrie. "Won't you read it to us, please?" Her father went to the bookcase and ook out a volume. The poem he read is so beautiful you may like to read it too. It would be well for us all to take into heart and live the lesson

WRITING ON SAND

Alone I walked the ocean strand A pearly she? was in my hand.
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My mame, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast.
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

So, methought, 'twill shortly be

With every trace on earth of me: A wave from dark oblivion's sea Will toll across the place Where I have trod the sandy sho Of time, and been, to be no more-of me, my day, the name I bore, To leave nor track nor trace. And yet with Him who counts the sand And holds the waters in His hands, I know a lasting record stands

Inscribed against my name, of all this mortal path hath wrought Of all this thinking soul hath thought And from these feeting moments can For glory or for shame.

How a Lad Wheeled Himself into For tune and Influence. At a meeting of the stockholders of a rominent railway corporation, recent y held in this city, there was present two gentlemen, both well up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends and told a pleasant little story which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. We use h

"Nearly half a century ago, gentle-men, I was put upon the world to make

own language :

was paid seventy-five dollars per year for my boyish services. One day, after I had been at work three mouths or more, my friend there, Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sad-irous and pans, buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But, more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, but could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going its full half diameter in the mud every time I would try to propel forward. Finally, a good-natured Irishman passing by with a dray took my barrow, self and all on his vehicle, and in consideration of my promise to pay him a 'bit' land ed me at my destination. I counted the articles earefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after, I paid the Irishman Alexis St. Martin, whose side was shot away in 1822, in such a manner as to expose the action of the digestive organs to the surgeon's eye, is still alive and well in Cavendish, Vt. by sending me a bushel of his rare ripe a country village of 800 voters. Its A merchant had witnessed my strugsome years ago he suffered from the some years ago he suffered from the indefinable pervons auditise which is No citizen of Japan can leave that country without giving bonds that he will return at the time specified.

Out of 192 Ohio divorce cases granted last year, the custody of the children in 334 suits was given to the mother.